



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

# The Dark Age Of Magic



fantasy

modern

👁 111 ✓ 1 ★ 7

## Chapter 1 by Monorilakkuma

### Chapter One : The Book's Escape

Bony fingers landing its structure on an old musty book that has aged quite well throughout the golden long years, getting its firm grip on the book, it raised the book and bringing it close to the eyes of whom the hands belonged to. Its front cover has gone rough on the surface, pages that were kept inside it were crusty, stale and brown-ish. On each of the pages were spells for enchantments, ability upgrades, charms, and curses.

There were fine looking handwritten notes beside them as well, not pretty much of help as they weren't able to be read. Bits of each of some pages had ripped ends on them, it doesn't really bother much for the readers. The hands that had scanned and touched the book now were pulled backwards in motion and rested on a feminine looking lap that was covered by a layer of clothing, a soft fabric that had nice and simple designs of plain flowers on them.

The lap belonged to a girl young of age, could presumably around 16 - 17 years of age. A very fine age that is loved by everyone, a nice couple of young years, of course. The said girl was sitting on a white garden chair that faced a small wooden table that had been covered with

floral white sheets over them. The girl's hair was ebony coloured, they had soft curls tied neatly into a ponytail that helped them. She had a very nice face, her skin was tan, and her eyes were dark brown. She was wearing a white dress that had a small white flower on the chest. She was sitting on a white garden chair that faced a small wooden table that had been covered with

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

## Chapter 2 by Maya



Her eyes followed each inked character with an intense interest in the words. She wasn't a rash or impulsive girl, who simply indulged in risky endeavors for cheap thrill; she had carefully thought out this mission to retrieve the book from its unassuming hiding place and uncover the information it contained. Her breathing and heartbeat were steady and slow as she sat outside the house. The building held an air of grace and stature from long ago, as if once it had been as grand and lovely as it was now dusty and old. The white picket fence was worn, the brick walls crumbling, the white pillars weather beaten and discolored. The garden was overgrown and wild, and the porch on which the girl sat was like a snap of a bygone era with its floral tablecloths and white porch seats. The manor might have been industrious, once, the home of wealthy estate owners and secretive mages who hid their tomes and spellbooks within the house's expensive walls.

It seemed so strange that a house whose roots were once so deep in the town's history now held the secrets of old magic.

Magic was a trap and a danger, her people always said - the simple, honest people of the town from which she hailed. It worked like the snares left out in the woods for rabbits and game; snagging the victim unexpectedly and tightening the noose until something or someone comes along to end things.

The girl's tanned finger followed the words on the page, her sharp mind memorizing the spell names, one after the other. A spell for curing pain. A spell for water. A spell for fire. A spell for love. She frowned, flicking through the pages with frustration. She had a purpose, a reason for going through all this trouble to retrieve a measly old tome.

More words filed through her mind, the descriptions and instructions becoming more and more gruesome and complicated as she searched. They seemed to become increasingly mythical, more like the stories she heard of magic as a child; curing plagues, summoning demons, transferring youth from one person to another...

A spell for curing death

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Her sharp intake of breath as she read the spell written on the page someone laughed behind her. The girl took the hairs on the back of her neck standing straight up. She snapped the book shut and refused to turn her head.

"Darling," the voice said in that charming Southern drawl. "I would put that back where I found it, if I were you."

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account